MIDDLEBURY AUG 29 Vt.

PAID

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Rev. Amos A. Phelps,

No. 3, Spruce street,

New York.

promotion in any sphere in which Providence might place me. I wish you to write me as soon as your arduous and responsible duties will permit, and tell me frankly what you think of the suggestions of my friends. It is not probable that I can be released from my present situation before December or January, as I am positively engaged to my employer until that time, and he is very anxious to retain me permanently. Please give me information in regard to the terms on which the Society employs agents, in case you think favorably of my project.

Mrs. Johnson is with me. Her health is feeble, but not more so than when you saw her. Is Mrs. Phelps with you? And what is the state of her health? I believe you had an infant daughter when I left Boston. Or was it a son? I have really forgotten which. Tell me all about your family, and how you get along in your new situation. I read the Emancipator, which comes here in exchange for the Free Press. Poverty alone prevents my becoming a subscriber.

Very Affectionately Yours,

Oliver Johnson.

Rev. Amos A. Phelps.

P. S. A letter put in the package of A. S. Magazines, for which I have sent by a lady who stops at 153 Centre-street, and which will probably be called for very soon after this reaches you, will be safely conveyed to me. If the package has been called for when this is received, you can have another opportunity to send me a letter by leaving it at No. 44 Beaver Street before the 10th of Sept, care of Geo. W. Cutter of this place.

wicked, and the still more trying apathy and opposition of the professedly good. I believe the day of deliverance to those for whom we plead is nearer than many of us have even ventured to hope. How blessed is the privilege of laboring in such a cause!

But I have detained you too long with these remarks. Let me then come to the main object of my letter. Dr. Allen of this place, a member of the Executive Committee of our State A. S. S., saw Theodore D. Weld recently at Saratoga, who informed him that he was looking for suitable men to be employed as agents of the Parent Society, and inquired if he knew of any such in this quarter. Dr. Allen did me the honor to mention my name, and suggested that I might probably be induced to take an agency in a few months hence. I have since conversed with the Dr. on the subject, and with some other friends, who advise me to embark in the cause whenever Providence shall open the way. In a letter to Ichabod Codding, who has just been appointed an agent, and who has entered upon his work in this vicinity, brother Weld asks, "Can brother Johnson be induced to take hold?" To which I answer, Yes, if those who know me are of the opinion than I am qualified for usefulness in such a station. I write to you as a friend, and hope you will not hesitate to give me counsel. You know something of my character and qualifications, and of my former labors in the cause, and I am sure you cannot be ignorant of my faults. You will pardon me if I say, that I hope the experience of the four years which have passed since I saw you has not diminished my scanty stock of knowledge and wisdom. I hope, indeed, that I have grown wiser as I have grown older. Forgive this remark, and consider it made to you in the familiarity of friendship.

You know I formerly thought seriously of entering the ministry. Such is now my intention. But I am not yet prepared to go forward, and until I am, can as well be employed in pleading the cause of the poor and needy as in any other way, and perhaps even to better advantage in some respects than in following my trade. I need not tell you how ardently I love the cause, and how cheerfully I should toil for its

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Oliver Johnson

Aug. 29. 1836

Engraved by P. Reason,

A Colored Young Man of the City of New York. 1835.

Middlebury, Aug. 29, 1836.

Rev. Anson A. Phelps;

My Dear Brother,

Few among my old acquaintances and friends in Massachusetts are remembered with deeper interest or more sincere affection than yourself. I have often thought, since I left Boston, of writing to you; but for some reason or other, I hardly know what, I believe I have never done so. I have often heard from you, however, through the various Anti-Slavery publications; and every thing from your pen in defence of the cause of holy freedom has been read by me with the deepest interest. How I long to see and embrace those old friends with whom I once had the pleasure of being intimately associated in efforts to advance that glorious cause! How refreshing it would be to take them once more by the hand! Not one of them have I seen for nearly four years, except the lovely and devoted May, who visited Vermont last year. What a change within that period! How has the little one become a thousand! And yet how much remains to be done! When I witness the almost death-like slumber of the Church, and see the ministers of Jesus Christ administering opiates to her already stupified consciences, when they ought to be sounding, long and loud, the trumpet of alarm, I am filled with grief, and can only say, Lord, how long? Were it not for the consoling reflection, that God is on the throne, and that he has promised to bless his truth, we might well despair; but this is sufficient to cheer us amidst all the rage and fury of the fiendly vicious and